

REVISED



COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS



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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

HELENE G. BAER (Mrs. Albert M. Baer) is a member of the Council of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries and is an alumna of the School of General Studies at Columbia.

ROLAND BAUGHMAN is Head of the Special Collections Department of the Columbia University Libraries.

JOHN R. T. ETTLINGER is exhibitions assistant in the Special Collections Department of the Columbia University Libraries.

DARTHULA WILCOX is Librarian of the School of Library Service Library, Columbia University.

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COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS



Remember *Diddie, Dumps and Tot*?

DARTHULA WILCOX

THIS is the confession of a sentimentalist. The Columbia Libraries, as readers of the *Columns* know, are made up of outstanding collections of books. Many of the volumes shelved in Butler Library are beautiful, intrinsically valuable, and to scholars invaluable. Of them all *my* favorite is a small group of books not widely used, with no high market value, and which, at first glance, will remind you of a Fourth Avenue Association sidewalk display. This is the Children's Historical Collection, which forms part of the Library Service Library.

One reason for my choice may be that I passed my youth reading everything printed I could get hold of—even though later as a public librarian I spent years insisting on only the very best books for children. The Library School also holds to high standards in making additions to its open-shelf juvenile collection, maintained for the use of classes in children's literature. We insist on up-to-date content, readability, legibility, good illustrations and binding. But in administering the Children's Historical Collection, we seem almost to reverse our point of view. Carefully locked up in a special stack section are volumes which are cheaply made, badly printed, battered, incorrect in factual content, slanted in editorial outlook, with titles which appear on few lists

of recommended readings. Yet the books have a charm of their own.

The most obvious appeal of the Children's Historical Collection is to someone who here finds old favorites. If you went to bed each night with *Diddie, Dumps, and Tot*; cried happily over



Illustration to *Diddie, Dumps & Tot or Plantation Child-Life* (1903)

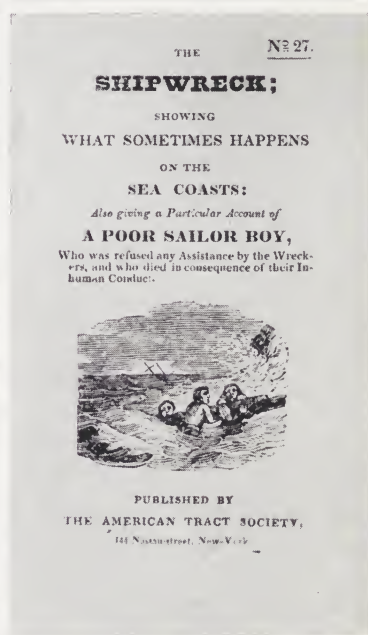
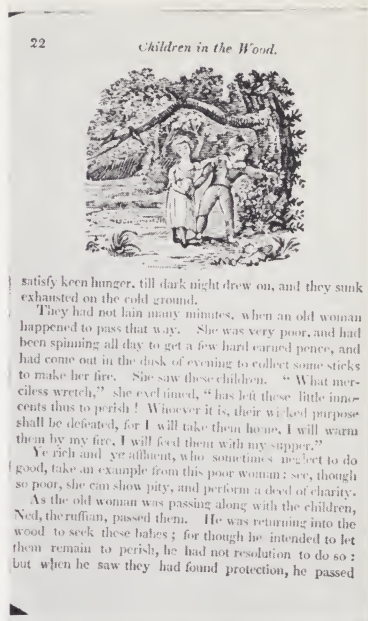
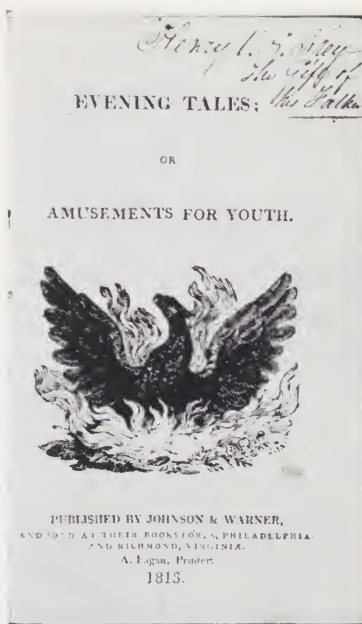
the *Five Little Peppers* or the *Secret Garden*; read the books of a generation before your own which you found in some hidden place, so that the joy of discovery was added to the excitement of Captain Marryat or Harry Castlemon, you would undoubtedly enjoy seeing these old favorites again. We can call up wonderful memories to those to whom the Little Colonel or Hildegard once represented the essence of womanhood, Captain Nemo or the Outdoor Boys the spirit of adventure; who can still get into an argument over the relative merits of Bunny Brown and the

Garis animal stories; or laugh remembering Mark Tidd, Jerry Edwards or Billy Whiskers. Of the last named series we have no examples, but we can satisfy that sneaking desire to reread *Elsie Dinsmore*, or *Aunt Minerva and William Green Hill*.

I cannot really re-read *Aunt Minerva*, for the vignettes scattered through the text summon up almost total recall of the contents of the pages which I read to tatters forty years ago. It would be interesting to see if the story could still stand on its own merits to a child introduced to it for the first time. Our edition is the 1911 one, in the original covers, which show Miss Minerva with a lamp in her hand, looking down at William Green's clothes scattered over the floor, where he had thrown them as he jumped into bed to cry himself to sleep. Remember?

The sequels written by a different author were not as good as the original, but somehow I managed to get hold of them. Children have always enjoyed finding out more about characters they learned to love in a book. We have examples that go back many years. Did you ever see any of the books about Leila? She appears first in *Leila; or, The Island*, about 1850. Leila, her father, nurse, and faithful spaniel Dash, are shipwrecked and live a Robinson Crusoe existence, during which the education of the eight year old is never neglected, nor does her nurse deviate for a moment from the routines of dressing and feeding her, and undoubtedly of curling her hair. The Flaxie Frizzle, Little Prudy and other series written by Sophie May went on for decades, popular with parents and children, perhaps partly because they were issued in an attractive small format.

An endearing quality of many old juveniles is their size. The large picture books of today are beautiful and children become attached to them. Even now, however, many young readers prefer volumes which can be balanced by small hands, which will fit into small pockets, and can be hugged to the heart or put under a pillow. Our three pamphlet boxes of early nineteenth century paper-backs we would not dare show to a child without keeping an eye on what went on, for who under ten could resist a two-inch



Description of Various Objects, even if it was printed in 1803? (Or *The Amusing Puzzling Book*, "Sold at the New Juvenile Book-Store, no. 376 Pearl Street," somewhere around 1830?) The books grew taller and stouter as the century advanced, but occasionally publishers return to an older format. We all know the Beatrix Potter books, still the original and almost perfect size, and many will remember those dreadful Big Little Books of the 1930s.

The examples we have of these go to prove that smallness alone is no recommendation. However, *Tailspin Tommy*, *Dick Tracy Out West*, and others sold by thousands during the depression, and are recalled with joy by many. Aging has not improved them, but it has not hurt as much the series which was issued by the WPA New Reading Materials Program in an effort to prove that children's books could be inexpensive without being "cheap".

Only a true book lover would find the bindings of our old children's books very attractive. There are a few exceptions, such as our edition of Maria Edgeworth's *The Bracelets; or, Amiability and Industry Rewarded*. This is the typical gift book of mid-century, but not so pretty-pretty that a child could not be allowed to handle it after only a routine washing of hands. The cover design imitates petit-point, with red, blue, and gold patterns on a white background. The frontispiece shows a child in a pink dress and a yellow hat, running away from a girl in a yellow dress with a pink hat, who is standing by a shrub with improbable red and yellow flowers. Few of our early juveniles have so much color (many are in paper covers or wrappers) until the era of the colored cover illustration arrived. This was used especially in series books for years. I saw in a Times Square bookstore the other evening the new Bobbsey Twins books, and marveled at how the plump and cheerful friends of our youth had stayed basically the same for fifty years. The original covers of the books in our collection seem more attractive to me, but, here again, the buttercups in the background which I counted in my youth, may gleam with memory rather than paint.

The illustrations of children's books have changed more than

anything else over the centuries, and even one who prefers old books to new must admit that there has been great improvement. The old-fashioned frontispiece, with its page reference to some high point of the text, did have drawing power. Who could fail to read *The Fire Brigade* after looking at the picture of a helmeted fireman descending a ladder amid smoke and flame, one hand grasping a rung of the ladder, the other clutching around her the long draperies of a fainting woman? The title is appropriately "Fighting tooth and nail," for caught in the fireman's teeth is the dress of an infant who is smiling complacently.

Three Vassar Girls Abroad, written by Elizabeth Champney, characteristically types the characters for the reader on the frontispiece, so that there shall be no misunderstanding as to who is who. Three females are in a canoe "On the lake at Vassar." Maud the flirt is tilting a parasol, Barbara the rough Westerner is standing with an oar in her hand ready to do all the work, Cecilia the bluestocking, complete with pince-nez, is seated in comfort and obviously thinking deep thoughts. There was seldom any doubt of what kind of reading you were getting, from the illustrations or from the titles themselves. The titles are wonderful!

Dedications and prefaces of the earliest books in the collection are also entertaining, but not as much so as material added by young owners. One of the greatest attractions of the Children's Historical Collection is the used look of many of the books, and the pictures of former readers which can be summoned up. Covers of the volumes are worn, not by age alone, and many have been mended carefully by a child or a fond mother. Sometimes the pages have been re sewn. If the order is wrong, this would not have daunted a reader who knew the book by heart anyway. Paper or cloth backs have been added to the original covers. Bookplates are not too frequent, except for those of Sunday School and other libraries, but names or notices saying that the book was given as a prize, or as a present for a birthday or Christmas are written in frequently. In an 1814 version of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, I find:



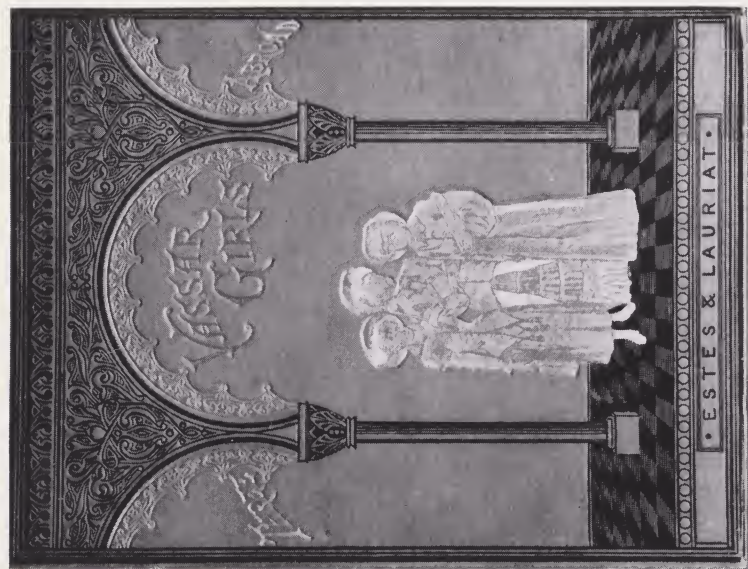
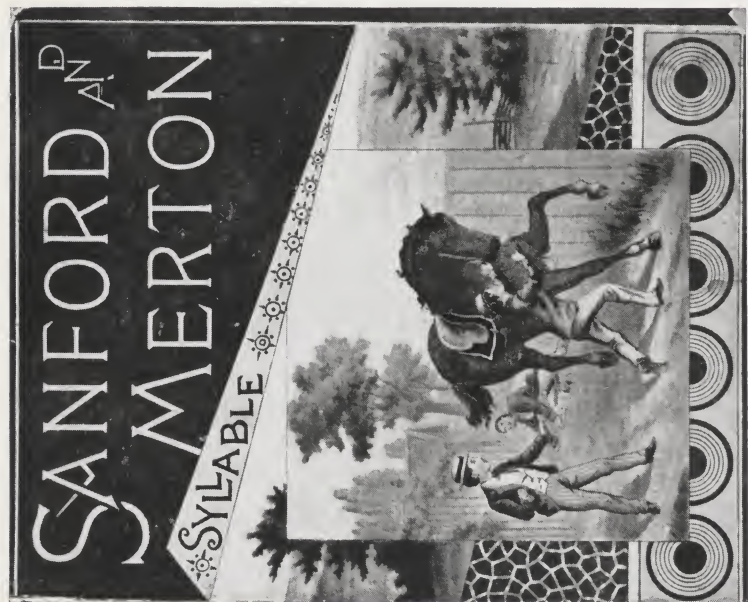
FIGHTING TOOTH AND NAIL.—PAGE 156.

Illustration to *The Fire Brigade* (1877)

on the first flyleaf: Robert John, His Book
 on a second flyleaf: Remember man as thou pass by / as
 thou art now so / once was I / as I am now so thou
 shalt be / prepare for Death / and follow me. Wrote
 by Robert / John in the year of / our Lord and saviour /
 of wold (sic) 1821 february (sic) / the 15th 1821
 at head of the preface: Robert John
 p. 98 and 100: R John
 back flyleaf: Kittyan Townsend / John her Book / given her
 by her / father Kittyan T. John / in truth Let /
 virtues path be / trod. vain com / pany Decline / It
 will be well / pleasing to thy / god and peace / in
 Enduring time.
 and at the end: Robert John / Robert John / his book

Other volumes have been used as coloring books, and show loving attention. One I like is *The Youth's Natural History of Animals*, printed in 1831. The preface of this work states: "The different instincts and properties of animals is a very interesting study. But to a reflecting mind, it is something more than merely an agreeable object . . ." To one owner it could be improved upon. Over the original paper cover a cloth strip has been hand-sewn. The first picture, "Canadian horse," is colored neatly with the horse in red, standing proudly on very green grass silhouetted against a very blue sky. A tailpiece of birds on a nest and other illustrations have been crayoned with more care than is usual.

You must be wondering how Columbia ever acquired such odd books and why we keep them. They are not given shelf-room just to entertain the librarian, who found most of them here when she joined the staff. The nucleus of the Children's Historical Collection came from the New York State Library School. Some of the books were purchased new in the 1890s for the use of students. Less current volumes received as gifts were added to the "Library Museum." When in 1926 the Library School was transferred back to Columbia, these books came along, as well as some "Books not recommended for library purchase" from the New York Public Library. Gifts from alumni and others were added as they drifted



Two decoratively bound books for young people; (1876?) left; (1883) right

in, and books no longer considered appropriate in the current collection are still transferred. Some of the donations have been substantial. For example, the books which were collected by John Purroy Mitchel in his boyhood and which were given by Mary Purroy Mitchel to Columbia College, are kept here.

A few years ago it became necessary to set up new standards and a plan for directing the growth of the collection, in view of the needs and the resources of the Libraries. Teachers College has the beautiful Harvey-Darton collection of valuable old juveniles, as well as two hundred volumes of "Early Children's Books." Columbia's Plimpton collection contains outstanding examples of early texts, both manuscripts and printed books, including more than twenty hornbooks. In the Illustrator Collection, part of the Book Arts Library, are several hundred volumes representative of the best juveniles of various countries and periods; and of course, many children's books are included in the annual deposits of the Fifty Books of the Year. Elsewhere in New York other such riches are available in private and public collections.

Considering these factors, we decided to approach the problem from a different angle: to supplement rather than to duplicate. Someday we hope to have in the Library Service Library about ten thousand volumes, arranged roughly by publication date, representing the titles and editions which have circulated widely among young people under thirteen years of age. In case of a choice of copies we will, within reasonable limits, prefer one which gives some indication, through inscriptions or bookplates, of when and by whom the volume was read. Donations will be welcome as always, but rare items, such as the inscribed copy of *A Child's Garden of Verses*, presented last year by a Friend, will be housed in Special Collections. We will not discard our Alcott firsts and other choice items, but from now on we will be glad to receive not only first editions but trade editions as well. The books will be available to students of literature, to writers of biography and reminiscences, to sociologists interested in tracing the formative influences of an era, and to those working in the graphic arts.

Though only half of our approximately 5,000 volumes are now cataloged, some writers have already seized the opportunity they offer to look at the picture of the world around him which was given the child of an earlier era. What one reads as a child, does often unconsciously affect how one responds as an adult, and it may be the trivial story, the un-assigned reading, the book thrown out by a neighbor in moving and adopted by a child next door, which years later affects an important decision. A study of the best books written or published for children at any time is interesting and valuable, but this alone will not reveal the printed material which influenced the child. Think of your own early reading, and list the books and stories you now remember. How many would be given space in most libraries today? The Library Service Library's "elegant collection of the most delightful little stories and interesting tales," welcomes additional "stories for the young; or, cheap repository tracts: entertaining, moral, and religious"—and it welcomes also visitors who are fond of them.



L. FRANK BAUM
Author of "The Wizard of Oz," etc.

Very sincerely
L. Frank Baum

L. Frank Baum and the "Oz Books"

ROLAND BAUGHMAN*



DIFFERENCES between adults and children in their attitudes toward the wishful world, it would seem, are rather to be expressed in terms of kind than of degree—that is, if we accept the view of those who so solemnly insist that no children's book can be a classic unless it contains elements that can be appreciated by mature readers. It would be vain to doubt the validity of that opinion in regard to some tales—*Alice in Wonderland*, for example, and *The Jungle Books* and *The Water Babies*. But somehow the impression lingers that there is here a certain circularity of argument, for few children's books have been written by children, and surely the definition of "classic" is an adult concept. Perhaps, after all, what we should be seeking is similarity rather than difference; one is apt to reflect that Peter Pan, in all of his reincarnations from Maude Adams to Mary Martin, has never yet failed to win adult response sufficient to revive the flickering light of Tinker Bell.

A little more than half a century ago a story for children was written which not only completely captivated its juvenile audience but found its way into the hearts of numberless older readers as well. In *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, by Lyman Frank Baum, the author's purpose was simply to give pleasure to the children of his day by means of a fairy tale of contemporary flavor, "in which," as he wrote in the foreword of the book, "the stereotyped

* The factual content of this article has been supplemented from a number of sources, among which are the sympathetic study by Professor Edward Charles Wagenknecht of Boston University, *Utopia Americana* (1929); Edwin C. Torrey's chapter on Baum in *Early Days in Dakota* (1925); and the introduction by Lisle Reese to the 1941 reprint of Baum's "Our Landlady." Further information has been shamelessly cribbed from conversations and correspondence with various knowledgeable collectors—Mr. Jack Snow, Mr. Howard Mott, Mr. C. Beecher Hogan, and many others.

genie, dwarf and fairy are eliminated, together with all the horrible and blood-curdling incident devised by their authors to point a fearsome moral." His story, he continued, "aspires to being a modernized fairy tale, in which the wonderment and joy are retained and the heart-aches and nightmares are left out." Instead of the traditional props of fear and evil destiny he supplied humor and kindly philosophy. He was by no means the first man in the world to think of children's stories as properly concerned with gladness rather than discipline, but there was a timely element about Baum's approach which neither children nor adults could resist; there was moreover an indigenous quality that had never before been written into an American fairy story.

Whether Baum meant at first to write for older readers as well as for youngsters we may never be quite sure, but certainly he wrote for himself. Over and over again he included wisdom in his stories that must have largely eluded his younger audience. Perhaps he never intended them to take it in, which may be why he insisted so positively that his stories carried no moral.

In all, Baum wrote more than fifty books, most of them for young people, but he is remembered today chiefly for his fourteen stories about the strange inhabitants of the "Land of Oz" and the adventures of real-life people who by chance or design gained admission to that favored country. The nature of Baum's special contribution is a subject that has lain neglected too long. And there are some even more pointed questions to which a lot of authors would like to know the answers—how Baum was able almost without realizing it to capture at one stroke the imaginations of children all over the world, to make himself and his stories so vivid to them that he became the recipient of thousands of letters from his readers, and to hold that popularity long after his life was done. For once Baum had published *The Wizard of Oz* he was never again his own master; try as he would to interest his following in other kinds of fairy tales, he was invariably driven back to the original theme by demands from children all over the country for "more about Oz!" Although he wrote scores of

books for *older* boys and girls, and a few indeed for adults, he was usually careful to disguise his authorship of such works behind a variety of pen names—Hugh Fitzgerald, Suzanne Metcalf, Schuyler Staunton, Edith Van Dyne, Floyd Akers. The merit of those books, if they had any, was altogether temporary. To my mind it is entirely fitting that the name of L. Frank Baum came to represent Oz and only Oz to a whole generation of children, to be identified with a particular type of fantasy, and to become the hall-mark of an unique humor and a wise and convincing philosophy.

No more decisive example of Baum's wisdom comes to mind than the underlying theme of the saga of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. That story (as who does not know?) relates the marvelous experiences of Dorothy, a little orphan girl from Kansas who was carried to the fairy country of Oz on the wings of a cyclone. She had not wanted to go there, and she had no sooner arrived than she began to seek some means of returning home to her aunt and uncle, whom she sorely missed.

In her wanderings through Oz she met many remarkable creatures. There was a Scarecrow who bemoaned the fact that the farmer who had made him had left out his rightful quota of brains—but oddly the Scarecrow nevertheless was the one who managed to solve each knotty problem as it arose. There was a Tin Woodman who regarded his shining body as perfect in all but one respect—it had no heart. But invariably he proved himself the most gentle, considerate, and kindly of them all. "You people with hearts," he explained, "have something to guide you . . . but I have no heart, and so I must be very careful." Finally there was the Cowardly Lion who worried endlessly because he was frightened in the face of danger, but who nevertheless unhesitatingly placed himself between the travellers and the many perils they met.

Together the four journeyed to the capital of the Land of Oz, the fabulous Emerald City, because there, they were told, lived

a wonderful wizard who could give them the things they wanted most. The wizard, however, turned out to be an apologetic humbug. But though he was no proper sorcerer he knew human nature, and seeing that most of his supplicants only needed physical evidence of qualities which they already possessed, he stuffed the Scarecrow's floursack head full of bran and pins, he hung a silken valentine heart inside the Woodman's tin breast, and he gave the Lion a drink from a square green bottle labeled "Courage." Whereupon they were all quite happy, and continued to excel in those qualities which they had so plainly exhibited before, but now without a sense of inferiority.

Dorothy's problem, however, was not psychological, and it stumped the humbug wizard. But even she in the last analysis was shown to have possessed, almost from the beginning of her adventures, the means to accomplish her return to Kansas. For when her cyclone-borne house fell into Oz it destroyed a wicked witch, from whom Dorothy obtained a pair of silver slippers. Those slippers, she discovered at the end of the story, were magic and could carry her anywhere she wanted to go, even back to real life.

Now the lesson that "we get what we have" may be the most elaborate one to be found in the long series of Oz books that flowed from Baum's pen during two decades, but it is by no means the only one. "Banter" is perhaps a safer term than "satire" for most of the oblique remarks that he made about human frailties which he never took more than half seriously. In any event there is small reason to think that he meant his comments for tender ears alone. There is something to be gained by every reader, of no matter what age, because Baum was adept at reducing humanity's shortcomings to absurdities. Most of the inhabitants of Oz are good people, but there is a generous sprinkling of individuals with special failings. There are the Hoppers who put all their effort into beautifying the outsides of their homes, leaving the interiors drab and ugly, and the Horners who do just the opposite.



There is the overweening vanity of the queen who keeps a variety of heads, garnered from various luckless visitors to her kingdom, so that she can the more conveniently fit her appearance to her vacillating moods. There are the Fuddlecumjigs and

Flutterbudgets who are as ineffectual and needlessly nervous as their names imply. There is the Nome King (so spelled) who, though he looks like Clement Moore's St. Nick, is subject to violent rages; his usual sentence of punishment for those who displease him is "Thow him away!" All of his many misfortunes stem directly from his inability to control his temper.

One of the lesser characters in *The Patchwork Girl of Oz* (1913) is a live phonograph that has been chased away from the group about which the plot centers because it insists on playing the same tune *ad nauseam*. Later the machine pleads to be permitted to rejoin the party. Whereupon the leader, a boy named Ojo the Unlucky, remarks:

"We've no objection to you as a machine, you know; but as a musician we hate you."

"Then why was I ever invented?" demanded the machine in a tone of indignant protest.

They looked at one another inquiringly, but no one could answer such a puzzling question.

A little farther on in the story Baum adds his definition of a popular song—"One that the feeble-minded can remember the words of and those ignorant of music can whistle or sing . . . the time is coming when it will take the place of all other songs."

These few instances may suffice to illustrate the nature of the sidelong shots at human weaknesses with which Baum enlivened

his stories for children. They may, indeed, defeat my true intention by giving an overstrong impression that he too often forgot his proper audience for the sake of lecturing older readers. That would be a wrong conclusion to draw, for no matter how mature an idea Baum sought to illustrate, he never failed to keep his language simple, so that it rests with the reader whether or not the double meaning is found. Baum's sarcasms are usually by-plays; undertones are there, but the incidents are amusing enough in themselves to carry one's interest.

BAUM was born on May 15, 1856, at Chittenango, Madison County, in upstate New York. Chittenango lies some fifteen miles east of Syracuse, in the midst of a beautifully wooded, rolling countryside. It was then as now scarcely more than a hamlet—its population is still well under two thousand—and nearby Chittenango Creek flows north into Oneida Lake, about five miles away. In such surroundings (his family was well-to-do and established a permanent country residence not many miles distant from his place of birth) Baum spent his boyhood. The details of those early years are elusive, but anyone familiar with the region will agree that Baum had at hand every element needed to make his outdoor life complete.

His education was scarcely the usual sort; the formal part of it ended with a brief stay at the Peekskill Military Academy, but it was substantially augmented with private tutoring and wide reading. In 1882, at the age of twenty-six, he married Maude Gage, daughter of the suffragette, Matilda Joslyn Gage, whose home was in nearby Fayetteville. Meanwhile he had been writing busily—while hardly more than a lad he had embarked on a serious career of newspaper reporting—and he had become interested in the theatre. He was ambitious to be an actor and playwright, and if his efforts in those directions lacked startling brilliance it was certainly not for want of trying. As a matter of fact he enjoyed moderate success, and there is every reason to suppose that, had he continued as he began, he might have been a considerable figure

*FJB was
born 1853.*

in the theatrical profession. As it was he spent several years touring the country as an actor in his own plays. The first of these of which there is any record, *The Maid of Arran* (a dramatized version of William Black's *A Princess of Thule*), appeared in Syracuse in 1881 and in New York in 1882. A tepid review in the *New York Mirror* of 24 June calls Baum's acting "quiet and effective," praises his "five pretty songs sung during the action of the play," and concludes with the remark: "Judging from the hearty reception on Monday night, *The Maid of Arran* will have a successful week at the Windsor." It was followed the next year by *Matches*, and in 1884 a third Baum play, variously recorded as "Kilborne," "Kilmore," and "Kilmorne" (could it possibly have been based on *Kilmeny*, another of Black's fantasies?), was produced in Syracuse. A year later *The Queen of Killarney* showed at Rochester. To the best of my knowledge the texts of those four plays are not now available in printed form, if, indeed, they were ever published.

Kilmourne
FJB
190's55

"Baum's
costume"
apple-green
using a
patheaus
base. Formed
company;
office manager,
absorbed &
committed
revised.
End of firm.
FJB
190's55

Having four plays produced in five seasons can scarcely be called complete failure, but at that point Baum's play-writing came to a close. What he did between 1885 and 1888, when he moved to Aberdeen, South Dakota, is not clear. There is a curious pamphlet in the New York Public Library—the only copy I have ever seen—entitled *The Book of the Hamburgs* . . . "by L. Frank Baum," published in Hartford, Connecticut, by H. H. Stoddard, 1886. How Baum (if it is our man) came to interest himself in poultry raising remains a mystery.

In any case, he next appears in Aberdeen, where his wife's sister lived. There he opened a variety store, and it is recorded that he managed the state champion baseball team. When, in 1888, he was offered the editorship of the *Aberdeen Saturday Pioneer*, he settled into the life of a country journalist. Two years later, in 1890, he ambitiously leased the paper from its owner and founder, John H. Drake—an ill-fated step, however, for barely a year elapsed before the sheriff took possession.

Typewritten of
Maid of Arran
made in 1885
now owned by Mrs.
Robert Ford, dealer
sold to C. B.
Hosmer, Jan.
1956.

written for
paid for by Joe
Scanlon, a
Rockator producer,
who died before
it could be
staged.
FJB 190's55

Poultry raising
had been a long time
hobby. Developed
new strain of
prize-winning
Hamburgs.
FJB 190's55

Formerly The
Dakota Pioneer
Drake was
appointed consul
to Kiel by Pres.
Harrison.
Baum's 1st issue
was Vol. X.
FJB 190's55

brother

(R. H. Peterson, 24 Jan 1956)

As editor of the *Pioneer*, Baum revealed an unexpected gift for fantasy. One of his principal contributions was an occasional feature-column, "Our Landlady," which first appeared on January 25, 1890, and continued more or less regularly thereafter until the paper dropped out of circulation. In that column Baum recited the adventures, arguments and philosophies of a set of preposterous boarding-house characters, including an amatory proprietress. Much of the content of the feature was journalistic horse-play, wherein the writer sparred with local politicians, ridiculed townspeople whom he disliked or wanted to plague, and carried on a running fight with the editors of rival newspapers. But "Our Landlady" was more than just a valve for letting off pressure occasioned by small-town issues; it was an exercise in a type of writing that later proved useful to Baum. It gave scope to flights of imagination that were not provided for in the editorial treadmill. Even today the column has interest, testified to by the reprinting in 1941 of the whole run, numbering thirteen installments, by the South Dakota Writers' Project. For example, Baum gave a burlesque account of a mechanical theatre in which puppets with record-players in their innards enacted whole plays. He also described electric dishwashers and automats, as well as other energized gadgets, some of which, though they are still not accomplished facts, are nevertheless not nearly so unreasonable to imagine as they were two generations ago.

But Aberdeen, which in 1890 had a population of barely three thousand, seems to have been over-supplied with newspapers. Baum's weekly *Pioneer* had at least three rivals: the *Republican*, the *Star*, and the *News*. Against those odds the *Pioneer's* chance for survival was only mathematical and finally, with the issue of February 8, 1891, it folded forever, and "Our Landlady" passed to her reward. Not even in that closing issue, however, did Baum give a hint that the end of his column was at hand. He went down with colors flying, and almost the last sentence he wrote—speaking of marvelous inventions—was this: "The *News* has invented a way o' makin' both ends meet, to their own surprise an' the grief

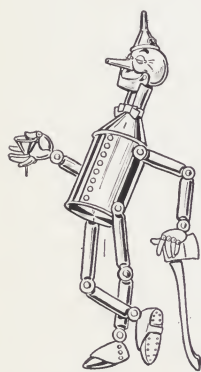
1
*election
 only*

1
*Did it?
 March*

o' their army o' readers." Baum could have used such an invention himself, as could the other Aberdeen contemporaries, for of them all only the *News* managed to weather the Middle Border vicissitudes of the next half century.

WITH the failure of the *Pioneer* the Baum family, now numbering six, departed for Chicago. There he worked for a while at newspaper reporting, and it is said that at one time he pieced out a meagre income by selling crockery. Conditions had reached low ebb for him, but there were better times ahead. At last, in 1897, Baum established the *Show Window**, a monthly trade journal devoted to window decorating and he remained its editor for five years.

1897 was in all ways a signal year for Baum, for it marked the appearance of *Mother Goose in Prose*, his first full-scale book for children, which also has the distinction of being the first book illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. It was something of a departure



in the field of juvenile literature. Issued in handsome format, with large type and profuse illustrations, it undertook to explain the non-sense of nursery jingles which are so familiar that we forget to wonder what they mean. The explanations, in story form, were whole-cloth inventions by Baum, and they are of decidedly uneven quality, revealing something of their author's promise but falling far short of fulfillment. The chief distinction of the book lies in its lively illustrations and well-

considered format, and (to me, at least) in the fact that it contains the germ of the central theme of *The Wizard of Oz*. The last story in the volume introduces a character named Dorothy, a farm girl with all of the qualities of simplicity, common sense, and gentleness that later became identified with the Dorothy of the Oz books.

* Later the *Merchants Record and Show Window*, and eventually merged into *The Display World* (Cincinnati).

Traveling sales-
man for Chicago
firm, Pitkin &
Brooks, pottery
importers. Did
very well.
15 Feb 1903

In
with him
Pitkin (1906)
Dorothy's home
Doris

Nothing of much importance in book form was published by Baum in 1898—only a volume of trivial verse, *By the Candelabra's Glare*, privately printed by the author in 99 copies. It was one of those playthings which unsuspecting writers sometimes release into the world before they have learned that a book, once printed, can never be recalled. Finding a good copy of it today is difficult, securing one is relatively expensive, and owning it brings no great satisfaction. There is, however, one attractive facet of the book. "Printed by the author" in this case means precisely that. According to his foreword, Baum "set the types and turned the press and accomplished the binding." He was no stranger to the craft; long before his Aberdeen experience he had, as a boy, issued an amateur newspaper from his own toy press—a hobby that was widely popular in his day.

*The Rose Leaves Home
Yr. 2. Ed. & pr. by
N.C.B. & L.F.B. C.B.H.
1898 15p. 1 #3,
1 July 1871.*

THE following year, 1899, was among the most important of Baum's literary life. Only one book was actually published in that period, but it was a smash hit. Baum had collaborated with William Wallace Denslow, an illustrator, in devising *Father Goose, His Book*, a volume of humorous jingles for children, embellished profusely with clever drawings. Published for the Christmas trade, it caught the public fancy at once. Before the end of the year—not more than three months—it had gone into five editions totalling over 75,000 copies, and a sixth printing of 30,000 additional copies was made late in the next year.

Baum's alliance with Denslow was singularly effective but short-lived, for serious friction soon developed between the two. This must have been quite obvious to their familiars at the time, but the only overt evidence now seems to be the doubtful specimen of faint praise in Baum's foreword to the last book they did together. The men were of exactly the same age, their middle forties, and each was just coming into his own. Both were stylists, and if anything Denslow's illustrations tended to dominate the text. This inevitably led to debate as to who was really responsible for the popularity of their books—a question that is now strictly

academic, for Denslow does not begin to occupy the position in his line of endeavor that Baum does in his.*

Denslow illustrated only four of Baum's texts: *Father Goose*, *His Book* in 1899, *The Songs of Father Goose* and the *Wizard of Oz* in 1900, and *Dot and Tot of Merryland* in 1901. All but the last of those works appeared under the aegis of George M. Hill. When, in 1904, Baum went over to the newly established Chicago firm of Reilly and Britton, his books were given to another artist, John Rea Neill, whose pictures, if they lacked some of the dynamic qualities of Denslow's work, nevertheless had the happy merit of harmonizing to the advantage of the text. Thus began an association that was interrupted only by the death of both principles, for Neill not only illustrated all of the Oz books that Baum wrote after he joined Reilly and Britton, but he also decorated the continuations of the Oz cycle that were written by Ruth Plumly Thompson and himself for more than two decades after Baum's death. Neill died on September 21, 1943, having given Oz characters their unique fillip for nearly forty years.

But to get back to the story. In 1900 Baum really got into his literary stride. He was still editor of the *Show Window*, to which he undoubtedly contributed, and in connection with that work he published a technical treatise, *The Art of Decorating*. He also issued five books for children: *The Army Alphabet*; *The Navy Alphabet*; *Songs of Father Goose*; *A New Wonderland* (later republished as *The Magical Monarch of Mo*); and *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. The last of that imposing list was to settle once and for all the type of writing to which Baum's chief talents were to be devoted.

* Denslow produced prolifically for a time. He did at least a dozen picture books in large format for G. W. Dillingham Co. around 1903; he illustrated "The Night Before Christmas"; and about 1905 he even issued a pamphlet consisting of 22 of the colorplates from the *Wizard of Oz*. Evidence of Denslow's bitterness toward Baum is revealed in the possessive title of the pamphlet: *Pictures from the Wonderful Wizard of Oz by W. W. Denslow . . . with a story . . . by Thos. H. Russell*.

Alp! Dot
was first pub
by Hill - later
by B-M.

Very good
Windows and
Interiors.

No really adequate account of how the *Wizard* came to be written has ever come to my notice. A rather circumstantial one was prepared by Jeanne O. Potter for the *Los Angeles Times* "Sunday Magazine" of August 13, 1939, as part of the publicity for the film version that was released shortly thereafter. It relates how Baum burst into the office of F. K. Reilly, a Chicago publisher, and dumped a miscellaneous mass of papers on his desk. It was truly a "weird assortment of old envelopes, pieces of wrapping paper, and a lot of other oddments, all closely written on both sides," but it comprised the first draft of *The Wizard of Oz*. Baum sorted out and read the manuscript to Reilly, whose attitude changed from good-natured indulgence to enthusiasm. When the reading was completed the publisher praised the story lavishly, but then asked: "What was the big idea, writing it on all those scraps of paper?"

Baum [the narrative continues] looked amused. "It was curious, the way it happened," he said. "I was sitting on the hatrack in the hall telling the kids a story, and suddenly this one moved right in and took possession. I shooed the children away and grabbed a piece of wrapping paper that was lying on the rack, and began to write; it really seemed to write itself. Then I couldn't find any regular writing paper, so I took anything at all, even a bunch of old envelopes. Had to have something."

This makes a good story and the details may have come originally from Frank Kennicott Reilly himself, who in 1899 was manager of the Chicago office of George M. Hill, and, at the very moment the events in the account were supposed to have happened, was in the process of publishing Baum's hit of that year, *Father Goose, His Book*. In consequence Reilly was doubtless on very friendly terms with Baum, and it is certainly true that when, in 1904, he started his own firm of Reilly and Britton, one of the first books issued by the new organization was Baum's second Oz story, *The Land of Oz*.

In any case, the fact remains that Baum had a winner at last.

Since its first appearance in 1900, *The Wizard of Oz* has gone into countless editions, is said to have sold more than nine million copies, and has become known in nearly every country on the globe. It has been dramatized many times—as a musical comedy in 1902, as a silent movie by Chadwick Pictures with Larry Semon in 1925, as a "Junior League Play" in 1928, as a radio show in 1933, by the Cornish Puppets in 1934, and in the beautiful color-film version by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1939. Undoubtedly



much of the lasting success of *The Wizard of Oz* was due to the dramatic values of the story, and to the fact that Reilly also had his way—for he had insisted from the beginning that the plot would be even better as a play than as a book. When, in 1902, it was produced in Chicago as a musical extravaganza in which Glen MacDonough collaborated, it was an immediate and tremendous hit. The costumes and sets were superbly designed after Denslow, the music and songs were by Paul Tietjens and A. Baldwin Sloane, and two hitherto unknown vaudeville performers, Frederick A. Stone and David C. Montgomery, as the Scarecrow and Tin Woodman respectively, rose to great heights of comedy to put the show over. After a successful New York run in 1903, the play went up and down the country for a long time. As late as 1911 it was shown at the Castle Square Theatre in Boston.

I deeply regret that I never saw that version. When it was at the height of its popularity I was still playing with my feet on an Illinois farm, but a mimeographed copy of the libretto is in my collection. There is really no basis for comparing the original story and the extravaganza; the former is altogether simple and straightforward and written obviously for children, while the dialogue in the play is sophisticated—at least in intent—and was clearly aimed at an adult audience. Not only do the two versions

ns!
million

Stone and
Montgomery
played 8
years.
FGB 190's.

reveal wide differences in action and even characters—they represent diametrically opposite approaches, for one is a fairy tale and the other is a farce.

It no longer matters whether the popularity of the play was due to the music, the comedy, the sets, the story, to the newly developed devices for electric stage-lighting effects, or to the general novelty of the entire presentation. In any case the play undoubtedly focussed adult attention on “Oz,” thus accelerating the circulation of the book, although sales had already reached best-seller proportions. And in 1904 Baum suggested that the stage version might have been responsible for much of the popular demand that the Oz stories be continued. My own feeling, however, is that the true reason behind the widespread enthusiasm for the Oz theme lay in Baum’s own philosophy of what the fairy tale should be: I think he was right in his reasoning, and certainly American children by the thousands told him so in personal letters for two decades. When the technicolor version of *The Wizard* was released in 1939, these unforgettable words of dedication led into the action of the picture:

For nearly forty years this story has given faithful service to the Young in Heart; and Time has been powerless to put its kindly philosophy out of Fashion. To those who have been faithful to it in return . . . and to the Young in Heart . . . we dedicate this picture.

IT is an understatement to say that Baum was hardly prepared for the acclaim which his fantasy won from the children of America. Certainly he had no intention of writing Oz story after Oz story for the next twenty years. *The Wizard* is a tale complete in itself, with a simple plot and an easy and satisfying conclusion. There is not the shadow of a hint in it that the author had an eye to other stories along the same line. In fact the next Oz book did not appear for four years, and during the intervening period Baum wrote several stories for children that were entirely different in approach. Among them were *Dot and Tot of Merryland* and a story for boys, *The Master Key*, both published in 1901.

Another was *The Life and Adventures of Santa Claus*, 1902, which went into many editions. For the Christmas season of 1903 Baum prepared two volumes, *The Enchanted Island of Yew* and *The Surprising Adventures of the Magical Monarch of Mo* (the latter a revision of *A New Wonderland*). He was also writing prolifically for magazines—*The Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, *Harpers*, and *The Delineator*. Some of these stories were gathered into his *American Fairy Tales* (1901; reissued enlarged in 1908).

But in 1904 Baum at last yielded to the pressure which the countless letters from children all over the country were bringing to bear, and he wrote *The Marvelous Land of Oz*. Even yet, however, he did not realize the popularity of his inspiration. *The Land of Oz*, again, is a story complete in itself, and its conclusion is such as to show plainly that the author intended it to wind up the Oz theme once and for all. In 1905 he published *The Woggle-Bug Book* and *Queen Zixi of Ix*, the latter a very successful attempt at a more traditional style of fairy tale. In the following year, 1906, he wrote *John Dough and the Cherub*, a whimsical account of the adventures of a gingerbread man and a child of remarkable acumen but undetermined sex. To this period also belongs the beginning of the interminable series of pen-names under which Baum issued many of his writings. *The Fate of a Crown*, a novel that has been long since forgotten, was published in 1905 under the pseudonym of "Schuyler Staunton," and another, *Daughters of Destiny*, was released in the ensuing year. 1906 also saw the publication of a second book for older boys, *Sam Steele's Adventures* by "Capt. Hugh Fitzgerald;" *Annabel* by "Suzanne Metcalf;" the first of a long series of books for school-girls, *Aunt Jane's Nieces* by "Edith Van Dyne;" the first of a similar series for school-boys, *The Boy Fortune Hunters* by "Floyd Akers;" * and the first of a series for very small children, *The Twinkle Tales* by "Laura Bancroft." I shall go no farther into the subject of Baum's experiments with adolescent and adult literature. His writings for growing girls and boys had a large vogue when they were written, but had no lasting interest. Although he continued

* The first two books of this series were merely reprints of the two Sam Steele books. Therefore the date of the beginning of the Chero series should be 1908, not 1906.

to produce them throughout his life, they now occupy a dusty shelf just under that which holds the dated adventures of the Rover Boys, Tom Swift, and the Campfire Girls. We do Baum no real injustice by thus discounting those efforts. Their greatest fault was that they belonged to a special era that is past. And although the novels were a sincere effort toward a serious contribution to literature, Baum had a higher mission to perform. His final attempt at novel writing was the anonymous *The Last Egyptian* (1908).

So by 1907 he was back on the Oz theme, and once again it was the insistence of his young readers that forced him there. *The Land of Oz* had been a mistake—if one may speak of so successful a book as a “mistake”—on two major counts: it had proved that there was indeed more to be written about Oz, and it had ignored the character whom the children loved most of all, Dorothy. Their appeals were irresistible, and, having persuaded Baum once, they had an easier time of it now. Letters descended upon the astounded author in floods, and the only solution was to write more Oz books. So during the next four years, four Oz stories were produced: *Ozma of Oz* (1907); *Dorothy and the Wizard in Oz* (1908); *The Road to Oz* (1909); and *The Emerald City of Oz* (1910). *The Road to Oz* is perhaps the best remembered of the lot, for the color of the paper on which the tale is printed changes with each signature as the characters wander through various fairy countries before reaching Oz.

In *The Emerald City of Oz* Baum for the third time did his best to conclude the series. He explained that the Ozites were afraid that too many outsiders were finding their way to Oz, and since no one there could die, it stood to reason that the time would come when the fairy country would be overrun by visiting mortals. To prevent that unthinkable fate, a benevolent sorceress undertook to shut the land of Oz away from the rest of the world, first by means of the encircling desert that could not be crossed by any living creature, and second by rendering the country in-

visible to all but its own inhabitants. Then Baum announced that not even he could have further contact with Oz and so could not be expected to write about the happenings that took place there.

It was a good try and almost worked. In fact it enabled Baum to hold out for two years without writing another Oz book. Instead he started a new series of stories with characters and incidents comparable to those in the Oz books: *The Sea Fairies* in 1911 and *Sky Island* in 1912. He even introduced a few Oz personalities into them in an effort to get his audience to accept the new series. They were popular enough, but they failed to turn the trick, for the children would not settle for substitutes. Once more the Baum mailbox was deluged by letters from all over the nation; once more Baum and his publishers exchanged incredulous glances; and once again the children had their way. In 1913 *The Patchwork Girl of Oz* appeared. Having used an elaborate device to get out of writing Oz stories, Baum was forced to invent another one to explain how he had been able to re-establish contact with the invisible country. His young correspondents were quite equal to the problem, however; one of them suggested that wireless telegraphy might pierce the magic barriers—and so it came to pass.

All in all the children became rather tyrannical after their influence over the author was established. Their letters dictated not only new characters and events, but even whole plots; and it is irony to say the least that, having gotten Baum back to writing about Oz, they then insisted that he introduce into the Oz background some of the principal characters of *Sky Island* and *The Sea Fairies*, who had been originated for the sole purpose of diverting attention away from Oz.

So at last Baum knew his masters, and never again did he try to go against their dictates. In the foreword to *The Lost Princess* (1917) he wrote: "after all, dear reader, these stories of Oz are just yours and mine, and we are partners. As long as you care to read them I shall try to write them . . ." In each of the six years from 1914 to 1919 he added a new Oz book to the list: *Tik-Tok*

of Oz (1914); *The Scarecrow of Oz* (1915); *Rinkitink in Oz* (1916); *The Lost Princess of Oz* (1917); *The Tin Woodman of Oz* (1918); and *The Magic of Oz* (1919). The last of the series written entirely by Baum, *Glinda of Oz*, was published posthumously in 1920.

In all he wrote fourteen of them, and laid out the plot and general notes for the fifteenth, *The Royal Book of Oz* (1921). The Oz books had treated him extremely well. His efforts to stop writing them were prompted entirely by a recurrent fear that they were getting to be old stuff, and whenever the children's letters piled high enough to convince him that such was not the case, he willingly went back to them.*

But this catalogue of Baum's Oz books has interrupted the course of our story. After the stage success of *The Wizard of Oz*, and secure in the established popularity of his children's books, Baum and his wife were able to spend the 1906 season touring the Mediterranean. When he returned he settled down to consistent writing, selecting a summer home in Macatawa Park, Michigan, for the purpose. (His booklet with the anagrammatic title, *Tama-waca Folks*, published pseudonymously in 1907, is a gentle satire on his neighbors.) He retained his Chicago address, however, until 1910, when, again in quest of quiet, he moved to California. He had already spent several summers there, and had written three of the Oz books in Coronado, on the magical sandbar that separates San Diego harbor from the sea, but when he decided to settle permanently, he chose the peace and suburban charm that forty-five

* In fact not even Baum's death could stop the demand for "more Oz books." Miss Ruth Plumly Thompson not only completed *The Royal Book*, but over the next eighteen years supplied a new volume for each Christmas season. Her last contribution was *Ozoplaning with the Wizard of Oz* in 1939. John Rea Neill added three titles from 1940 through 1942; his death and World War II put a temporary end to the series. But in 1946 and 1949 Jack Snow produced two "Oz books," and in 1951 Rachel R. Cosgrove added another. Most recently (1954) Mr. Snow issued *Who's Who in Oz*, a valuable reference tool for all who would be knowledgeable in matters Ozian.

These continuations of the Oz series—I have read only a few—are good enough stories, but they solidify the opinion that there was and could be only one Lyman Frank Baum, as I am sure their authors would agree.

Completed by
Kibler?
Written entirely
by RPT

H. Mott has
copy of last of
Oz books inscript.
by him to his
sister Mary, dated
July, 1909, at
Macatawa.

years ago could still be found in the Sunset-Cahuenga district of Hollywood. He built his home, which he named "Ozcot," on Cherokee Avenue.

He was very fond of life out there, and entered willingly into local movements. He was a charter member of the original Up-lifters Club, for which he wrote the constitution. The opportunity of spending a large part of his time outdoors appealed to him especially, and when he was not at the beach or the golf course he was most often to be found puttering around his garden. His favorite writing-place was in the open, where he could glance up from his work to watch the birds in his aviary, or to examine some of his favorite dahlias and chrysanthemums.

Even in the few years that Baum lived in Hollywood he saw the neighborhood he had chosen lose much of its suburban quality. The movie industry soon surrounded his home, and one company used his garden fence as a background for shooting scenes. The movies had always fascinated him—and sometimes cost him money. In 1908 and '09, while he was still in Chicago, the Selig Polyscope Company made a few abortive attempts at producing color pictures of some of the Oz stories. They were tinted by hand, and Baum called them "radio plays" because he envisioned the images as being radiated to the screen on beams of light. ("Radio" was a very new word at that time. It had been officially adopted by the Radio Convention at Berlin only a few years earlier, and Baum's misuse of it shows that its specialized meaning was still not thoroughly understood by laymen.) The "radio plays" were expensive and unsuccessful, and when the venture finally came back to earth Baum had a sizable deficit to recoup.

Three years later he tried it again, this time forming his own movie organization, which he called the Oz Film Manufacturing Company. He made at least two picture versions of Oz stories, "The Patchwork Girl" and "The Magic Cloak." They were distributed through regular commercial channels, and starred Violet MacMillan as Dorothy and Vivian Reed as Ozma.

Baum died on May 6, 1919, the victim of a prolonged heart ail-

*His Majesty the
Kunzow of Oz
(titled: The
New Wizard of Oz)
and The Deal
Egyptian.
F.B. was gen-
manager for
a time.
F.B. 1905*

*Not an Oz book; a version of Queen Jane
F.B. & Fred Meyer*

ment. He was even then at work on the fifteenth Oz book, *The Royal Book of Oz*, which was completed by another hand and published two years later. The plot is amusing and provocative, and typical of his better efforts, but the book undeniably suffers from having had two authors. Mrs. Baum survived him by thirty-four years and continued to live at "Ozcot" until her death at 91 on March 6, 1953. An extremely attractive photograph of her forms the frontispiece of her only (to the best of my knowledge) published work, *In Other Lands Than Ours* (1907), a series of letters which trace the adventures of the Baums during their Mediterranean tour. The picture shows a firm but kindly woman of 45; one quite obviously capable of writing—as she did—"L. F. said the Statue of Liberty . . . was the most beautiful sight he had seen since he left home. He thinks too much of his comforts. . . ."

THIS discussion began with the question: "For what age group were Baum's stories written?" Well, now, *of course* the books being fairy tales were meant primarily for children. But, as we have seen, the author included material that was often over the heads of his younger audience, and his older readers, while appreciating the circumstance, nevertheless have always wondered why he did so. Baum's patience must have been worn thin from answering the same old question over and over again, and finally, just the year before his death, he sought to close the matter by the following statement in the foreword of *The Tin Woodman*:



A learned college professor recently wrote me to ask: "For readers of what age are your books intended?" It puzzled me to answer that properly, until I had looked over some of the letters I have received. One says: "I'm a little boy 5 years old, and I just love your Oz stories. My sister, who is writing this for me, reads me the Oz books, but I wish I could read them myself." Another letter says: "I'm a great girl 13 years old, so you'll be surprised when I tell you I am not too old

This was written
initially by
L. F. Baum
was written
by L. F. Baum
J. F. & K. F.

yet for the Oz stories." Here's another letter: "Since I was a young girl I've never missed getting a Baum book for Christmas. I'm married, now, but am as eager to get and read the Oz stories as ever." And still another writes: "My good wife and I, both more than 70 years of age, believe that we find more real enjoyment in your Oz books than in any other books we read." Considering these statements, I wrote the college professor that my books are intended for all those whose hearts are young, no matter what their ages may be.

"The Young in Heart." An accolade that may be more than a little embarrassing to some of us who, even as Omar and Jorgen, have merely sought surcease—however fleeting—from Things as They Are.

We Use Our Special Collections!

HELENE G. BAER

LAST year, a scholar from New Zealand, burdened with a tape recorder, appeared in the Special Collections reading room with the request that he be allowed to study our early copy of Lenin's *Sobranie Sochinenii*, in order to compare it with the taped version, spoken by Lenin himself, which the reader carried with him. The staff of Special Collections is accustomed to unusual requests and leaps to triumph over difficult situations. To Miss Rita Burns, who is in charge of the reading room, this particular request involved unusual factors since the sound of a tape recorder might well disturb other readers. Consequently, she settled the New Zealander well back in the stacks, in a dark tunnel lined with books. Her assistants helped him to plug in his machine and gave him a work table and a gooseneck lamp. They suggested tactfully that he keep the tone volume as low as possible and left him to his labors.

But no one had counted on the echoes! Lenin's voice hissed and sputtered as it bounced through the dust and the leather. All other research stopped in the twelfth tier. The ears of Herodotus, Cicero, and the other greats named on the stone frieze of Butler Library strained to hear the goings-on within the book aisles. Mr. Baughman, Head of Special Collections, Miss Bonnell, librarian in charge of the books, and Miss Burns met in frenzied conference. What to do? The New Zealander's work was important, but so was the work of other readers, and nothing, nothing ever, must disturb the stillness of Butler Library. Wait! One of them found the answer. They called the Oral History Research Office and pleaded for the loan of earphones and they borrowed an electrician from the University's maintenance department.

By the following day, the problem was solved and the tape re-

corder whirled on with only the New Zealander to hear Lenin's staccato pronouncements.

Of what exactly is Special Collections comprised? Nearly 200,000 books and manuscripts which are brought together here, as well as untold thousands of letters and original documents. And this is not all. There are yet other thousands of rare volumes still in the general stacks awaiting the availability of the time and money needed to effect their transfer to Special Collections. "Special Collections" is primarily rare books and manuscripts, but it includes some which, though not rare, must yet be given special treatment because of the terms of the gift. In essence, Special Collections is the epitome of Butler Library, including rarities that represent every subject field.

Certainly, then, the collections offer riches other than speeches by Lenin. But those who would find them must seek them out and the seeker almost needs a map to reach his goal. Take any elevator to the sixth floor of Butler Library. Along the south side of the building there is a long, long corridor with doors on either side, a little like the one down which Alice chased the White Rabbit. Past the doors for a half block perhaps; it seems to stretch on and on and on. At last, there is a door marked Special Collections Reading Room, 654.

Inside, at the desk, a firm, young person fixes the newcomer with her eye and requests identification, proof that you are you and have a right to be where you are. Out comes your University permit which you previously obtained from Room 315 downstairs, or, if you are a Columbia student, you show your Bursar's receipt. If, however, you are a Friend of the Columbia Libraries, you merely offer your membership card and you are accepted. The guardian relaxes her vigilance, hands you a pen to sign the register and smiles to show you that all is well.

From that moment, you are an honored guest whose slightest wish, book or manuscript-wise, will be granted. These staff members of the Special Collections Department are wonderfully generous with patience, energy and information. You ask for books,

perhaps hundreds of books, to study or to scan, and down they come, stacked on noiseless, rubber-wheeled carts. When you are done with them, an attendant trundles them away again with never a complaint no matter the number. If you have only a vague, nagging notion of what you seek, Miss Burns or one of her assistants will suggest short-cuts and special bibliographic tools, or, because she knows her materials so well, will even come up with specific recommendations for tangential research. That sort of interest on the part of Columbia's Special Collections' staff is what makes a researcher's quest rewarding and exciting.

Yet, the department needs to expand both in space and staff. There are still unnumbered treasures gathering dust in the boxes marked "Uncatalogued." "We have the materials," says Miss Bonnell, "but we could be much more useful to greater numbers of people if we had more trained personnel." That goal may be achieved within the next few years if the plans and dreams of a few of Columbia Libraries' loyal supporters work out.

Nevertheless, even on the present, limited budget, statistics are impressive. Last year, 4,199 readers studied in Special Collections. Of these, only about half were from the campus while the rest came from the outside. They varied tremendously in purpose. For example, C. B. S. Television sent a representative to check the Typographic files and to have some of the Peter Zenger newspapers photostated for use on the Television Theater. Representatives came again for further photostats of reports of Abraham Lincoln's assassination, to make, by the medium of TV, a living use of old documents.

Scholars from afar frequently ask for the David Eugene Smith Collection of early mathematical treatises. Mr. Gurgis Awad, chief librarian of the Iraq Museum of Baghdad was one who rejoiced in our copy of Omar Khayyám's *Algebra*, (the old tent-maker was a mathematician as well as a poet), while from the Collège de France came a student to examine the early Korans in this same Smith Collection.

Historians and biographers revel in the wealth of manuscript

letters and private papers which have been gathered here. Professor David Donald, author of *Lincoln's Herndon*, and more recently, a life of Charles Sumner, found the voluminous files of the Sprague, Dix, and Conway papers very useful, while the James Truslow Adams boxes provide endless data for Allan Nevins' new book on that Adams. Leon Edel found the William Dean Howells letters and the photographs of Henry James helpful in his work on James. The two Crane collections, Hart and Stephen, are in great demand, though both are still uncatalogued. The second consists of 1200 letters, written by contemporaries to Stephen Crane and his wife, Cora, during 1895 and 1908, by such eminent and fascinating characters as Conrad, Wells, James, Shaw, Hamlin Garland, and Elbert Hubbard.

Even the State Department has found its way to Room 654. The news filtered through to Washington of our fine group of Parsons' Railroad Prints and an expert was sent to make copies for a documentary film strip on the history of the nation's railroads between 1830 and 1850.

Many of the gems of the library have come to us through outright gifts or have been bought with funds (such as the Bancroft and the Park Benjamin) left to us for that purpose. Many others arrived through the generosity of Columbia's own campus family. Professor Jacques Barzun, as the Friends will remember, gave all of the material including letters from the foremost musicians of our day, which he had gathered in preparation of his works on Hector Berlioz. Professor Ralph Rusk contributed many of the notes and source works, including photostated letters, which he had assembled for the writing of his memorable life of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Professor Vernon Loggins did the same for his intensive study on the seven generations of the Hawthorne family. These are only a few of the numerous tangible evidences of the loyalty and pride which Columbia people feel for the Library.

The light in Room 654 is good and the desk space fairly adequate and the atmosphere conducive to work. Sometimes the air is heavy but serious cholars barely heed it while they wait for the

bright, young attendants to roll yet another cartload of books from the forbidden reaches of the interior stacks. Readers, you see, rarely penetrate beyond this outer room, for there are few facilities for comfortable study in the dark labyrinths beyond the guarded doors. Yet, anyone, undergraduate or erudite octogenarian, receives equal courtesy and help.

I know, because as an undergraduate, I tried to disentangle Gulliver's cabalistics in Book III of the *Travels*. The stack boys must have wheeled a ton of ancient tomes out to me, and, day after day, I pored over the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society, the source of several of the dubious experiments which Jonathan Swift described with vitriolic humor as having taken place in the Academy at Laputa. Miss Burns was as helpful to me in checking further sources and in setting up the microfilm machines (these have since been moved to the library of the School of Library Service but are available to readers of Special Collections) as she was to proven scholars.

The fame of Special Collections spreads far and wide. Douglas Southall Freeman used our files for his life of Washington. Requests for information pour in from all over the world on many subjects—medieval school books (Plimpton), literary New York during the professional lifetime of Park Benjamin, land grants and economics (Seligman), ancient mathematics (Smith). All one need do is to ask, and the answer shall be given. We have the books, to be seen, to be studied, to be enjoyed, and the authors, students and book collectors themselves who have been to Room 654 or who have written in for specific requests, testify that Columbia does *use* her Special Collections.

Children's Literature: A Forthcoming Exhibition of An Unusual Collection

JOHN R. T. ETTLINGER

BECAUSE this issue of *Library Columns* is primarily concerned with literature for children and because there will not be another issue until autumn, we are taking this opportunity to tell the Friends about a large exhibition of recreational books for young people which will be held in Butler Library this summer. Butler is, to be sure, a library for adults and not for children, and certainly Columbia's collections of past and present books for children are far from being fully representative of this enchanting and rewarding field. Nevertheless we can show a wide variety of children's literature of all periods.

The books have made their home here in many ways. Only the School of Library Service Library has acquired children's books for their own sake, because they were for children. There are two groups of such books in the S.L.S. Library. One is a working collection representative of today's tastes, which, nevertheless, includes many old friends in new disguises. This collection is designed for student use to help train future children's librarians. The other is the "Children's Historical Collection," comprising books which have appealed to past generations of children; many of its volumes bear evidences of their affectionate but none too gentle handling.

Perhaps the locked stacks of a rare book library may seem an unkind place for books meant for children, but Special Collections has many contributions to make to the exhibit. While only recreational books will be included—the literature of pleasure rather than of teaching—the Plimpton Library of educational books will be represented. One of the rarer books to be shown is a

little paper-bound volume, *Die fromme Zwillinge*, published in German in 1807 at New Market, Shenendoah County, in the mountains of Virginia. Its title-page announces its priority in its publishing field by calling it "Das erste deutsche Virginische Kinderbuch."

Many children's books have found their way to Special Collections as specimens of bookmaking, because their illustrations or typography are of interest to students of the graphic arts. These include volumes among the "Fifty Books of the Year" selections, which are deposited here annually.

Ranking high among Columbia's children's books are the gifts of individual donors. A variety of reasons prompted their original acquisition and subsequent enrichment of Columbia's collections. Some fitted into a pattern or field of collecting; others appealed to their donors as specially desirable copies of the favorite books of their childhood. Notable among these are inscribed presentation copies of the first editions of Dickens' *Christmas Carol* and Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses*. The series of first editions of Beatrix Potter's "Peter Rabbit" books, as fresh today as when they were published, is a delight to young and old. How many of these can have survived unscathed the fond attentions of eager young readers?

"What is a children's book?" is as difficult a question to answer as "what is a child?" The Columbia exhibit will not try to pose a solution. Children's books should be books which will bring pleasure to children, but they have, always, been written, illustrated, and published by adults, and too often these adults have had a motive, a moral, or a sly intent to improve. A child's book could be a sugared pill disguising a lesson in correct behavior or right thinking. Each generation has had its fads or fashions in dictating what the rising generation should or should not read, and our own is no exception. But the best of the books have always been proof against adult pressures. Children still read Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, though as long ago as the 16th century the great educator Roger Ascham denounced it in ringing tones: "Morte

Arthur, the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two special points, in open manslaughter and bold bawdry." The child has always been ingenious at wringing delight out of the toils of dry instruction—even the hornbook was soon converted into the battledore.

Children, certainly the children of today, have always made their preferences known in their reading, and the free world of imagination has been attainable despite the strictures of the adult world.

Moreover there have always been adult writers, and artists too, who have been able for a while to throw aside their labors for grown-ups to write books for children. And among these books are some of the very finest, which have become part and parcel of the intellectual heritage of young and old. Cowper and Lamb, Dickens and Thackeray, Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear, Mark Twain and Kipling, Walter de la Mare and T. S. Eliot—all these will have a place in our exhibition, as will Cruikshank, Tenniel, Pyle and Ardizzone, and a host of others.

Columbia's exhibit will demonstrate the many-sided appeal of children's books—to children, the appeal of variety, of novelty, of inviting appearance; and to adults, that poignant and nostalgic appeal of the books which have been a part of us ever since we read them as children, and which can never be forgotten.

Our Growing Collections

ROLAND BAUGHMAN

Authors' manuscripts. Mr. Millen Brand (A.B. 1929) has continued to place the manuscripts and scarcer publications of his works in the Department of Special Collections. Mr. Henry Morton Robinson (A.B. 1923, A.M. 1924) has presented the manuscripts of his *Key to Finnegans Wake*, *Fantastic Interim*, and *The Perfect Round* (his first novel).

De Lima gift. Mrs. Agnes De Lima presented a valuable collection of manuscripts and typescripts of books and articles by Randolph Silliman Bourne (A.B. 1912, A.M. 1913), chiefly relating to education and government. The collection includes notebooks, a diary, and a considerable correspondence.

Eliot's Indian Bible. One of the most important and interesting books in the annals of American printing was recently presented to the Columbia Libraries by Mrs. Seth Low Pierrepont, née Nathalie Elisabeth Chauncey. It is the Bible in the language of the Massachusetts Bay Indians, known as the "Eliot Indian Bible" because it was planned and carried to completion by the Reverend John Eliot as a means of Christianizing the New England natives. The Algonkin Indians, of course, had no written language of their own adequate to express the nuances of the Bible text, so this is a phonetic rendering—a transliteration using our alphabet to form Indian words. The New Testament was completed first, in 1661, and the Old Testament followed in 1663. Mrs. Pierrepont's copy, still in its original binding, is an exemplar of the first complete edition. The book is one of the monuments of the early colonial press, having been printed in Cambridge by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson barely a quarter of a

century after the establishment of printing in what is now the United States.

Edman papers. A substantial file of the personal and official correspondence of the late Professor Irwin Edman (Class of 1916) was received from his estate through his executor and brother-in-law Lester Markel (B.Litt. 1914). The collection comprises twelve letter-file boxes, and is housed in Columbiana.

Ernst gift. Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Ernst (LL.B. 1939) have for several years carried out a unique project of presenting selections from the current publications of the firm of Alfred Knopf, in order that Columbia students may share their admiration for the high typographic and literary quality of those books. The latest group was received recently and is now on view in the main reading room of Butler Library.

Frick gift. Miss Helen Frick has continued her generosity in presenting, as they are published, the volumes of the catalogue of her father's noted art collection. Those most lately received, volumes VII and VIII (which in their own right are magnificent examples of contemporary book production), illustrate, document, and describe the porcelains and enamels in the Henry Clay Frick Collection.

Friedman gifts. Mr. Harry G. Friedman (Ph.D. 1908) has made many generous gifts to the Libraries. Most recently he has presented a series of nine manuscript or printed documents, as follows:

1. A certificate in canon and civil law, granted at the University of Naples to one Silvio Abundato in July, 1555. Manuscript broadside, on vellum.
2. Genealogical notes relating to members of the Parisi family of Calabria, 16th and 17th centuries. Manuscript, 2 leaves, on paper.

3. License to practice law in Naples, dated 1719, and granted to Dominico Savastano. Manuscript broadside, on vellum.
4. Passport issued at the Vatican, 29 October 1743, to a priest Don Estavan Nerima (?). Printed form on paper, completed in manuscript.
5. Letter patent issued by Ferdinand IV, King of Naples, during his minority. Countersigned by his guardian, Bernardo Tanucci. Manuscript on paper, 14 June 1761, with seal.
6. Same. Manuscript on paper, 6 May 1762, with seal.
7. Same. Manuscript on paper, 4 May 1763, with seal.
8. Letter patent issued by Ferdinand IV, King of Naples. Manuscript on vellum, 4 leaves, 4 March 1786, with seal.
9. Award of merit granted by Columbia College to Henry Hall Ward (Class of 1838) "in Biographia Classica," dated 1837. Printed form, completed in manuscript, with the seal of the College.

Haight gift. Mrs. Sherman Haight has presented to Avery Library a collection of original photographs recording the Theodore Roosevelt House on East 20th Street, the restoration of which has long been one of her many interests.

Levi gift. Through the generosity of the noted New York architect, Julian Clarence Levi (A.B. 1896), Avery Library has been given a collection of 289 architectural books and a series of 271 architectural drawings. Included in the presentation was a cash gift, as well as several very useful pieces of architectural equipment.

Marco Polo. A member of the Class of 1916 has presented funds for the purchase of the first printed edition (Nuremberg: F. Creussner, 1477) of the account of Marco Polo's travels. The book is of the greatest rarity; only eleven copies are recorded, and Columbia's copy is one of only three known to be in America. Of paramount interest is the woodcut frontispiece portrait of Marco Polo, which has been colored by hand, probably at or near the time of publication. The volume is from the library of the Earl

of Crawford and is in superlative condition, having been bound in fine green levant morocco in 1852 by the Paris binder, Duru. Columbia University is indeed proud to have been charged with permanent custodianship of a volume so rare, so valuable, and so important as this milestone in man's effort to extend the horizons of his world and his understanding of his neighbors.

Mosely gifts. Professor and Mrs. Philip E. Mosely have continued their presentation of useful books and serials in the field of Slavic studies. During recent months their gifts have numbered nearly 500 pieces.

Sprague gifts. Mrs. Frank J. Sprague has never ceased to be a faithful and generous friend. Her most recent gifts include the first English edition (1842) of Samuel Lover's *Handy Andy*, with a signed autograph letter of the author tipped in. And learning of our desire to install an exhibition commemorating the centenary of the first publication of John Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* (1855), Mrs. Sprague has presented three editions which were not in the Columbia libraries—the 3rd edition, 1858; the 6th, 1872; and the 8th, 1888. With these acquisitions Columbia's run of the editions issued during the compiler's lifetime is virtually complete: only the 2nd, 1856, and the 9th, 1891, are lacking—and Mrs. Sprague has agreed to lend us her copies for the exhibition.

Tindall gifts. Professor William York Tindall (Class of 1925) has presented six very desirable works, including the handsome edition of Matthew Prior's *Poems*, published in London in 1718 by Jacob Tonson and John Barber. Other items in the gift are: Abraham Cowley's *Works*, London, 1680 (6th edition); John Arbuthnot's *Law is a bottomless pit*, Glasgow, 1766; John Ferriar's *Illustrations of Sterne*, London, 1798; *The Oxford Sausage*, Oxford, 1821; and John Rodker's beautiful reprint (1930) of Reginald Scot's controversial exposure in 1584 of the errors of demonology, *The discoverie of witchcraft*.

Trautman gift. Professor Ray L. Trautman has presented to Avery Library a highly interesting collection of 28 original architectural receipts, dating from 1779 to 1811. These are extremely useful as recording costs of material and labor and in establishing the terminology used in American building trades during the period represented.

Wilbur gifts. Mr. Robert L. Wilbur recently placed in our keeping seven interesting letters relating to literary matters or by prominent literary figures. The group includes: Signed autograph letters of Barrett Wendell (2 pages, 7 June 1890) and Richard P. Blackmur (2 pages, 23 June 1927, and 1 page, 8 July 1927); signed typed letters of E. E. Cummings (1 page, 22 March 1935, and 1 page, 16 June 1935?) and of William C. Williamson (1 page, 8 October 1935).

Women Suffrage Association. Through the generosity of the officers of the League of Women Voters of New York, seventeen volumes of the original minutes of the New York State Women Suffrage Association, dating back to 1892, have been presented to the Columbia University Libraries.

Young gift. In an earlier issue of the *Library Columns* it was reported that Laura S. Young had suggested that her contribution to the effort of the Friends should take the form of binding, repairing, or restoring one volume annually, selected from the rare books in the Libraries. Her offer was enthusiastically accepted, and since that time Mrs. Young, who is a master bookbinder, has unfailingly carried out her project. Most recently she has completed a handsome and ingenious protective case, with separate stalls and slip covers to protect twelve of the earliest and most fragile children's books in the School of Library Service Children's Historical Collection.

Activities of the Friends

WE WISH to report three changes which have recently taken place in the membership of the Council of the Friends. Dean Emeritus Virginia C. Gildersleeve, who has been such a source of strength from the period when our organization was activated, has for reasons of health submitted her resignation from this administrative group. We shall miss her sound advice and her steady interest. To replace her and to expand the membership of the Council, two new appointments have been made—Mrs. Arthur C. Holden and Mr. C. Waller Barrett. We appreciate their willingness to join in the deliberations and in the planning activities of this group.

Finances

During the period from April 1, 1954, to March 31, 1955, the Friends have contributed in cash a total of \$32,354.76. Of this, \$2,503.76 was given in general support of our activities and \$29,851, was designated for special purposes. Included in the latter category were the following especially substantial gifts: Mrs. Francis Henry Lenygon for the construction of the Francis Henry Lenygon Memorial Room in Avery Library, \$10,000; an anonymous donor for the purchase of Santayana manuscript collections, \$5,400; a member of the Columbia College class of 1916 for the salary of an exhibitions assistant, \$3,600, and \$3,040 for complete renovation of the Butler Library exhibition cases; Dr. Jerome P. Webster for the purchase of books on plastic surgery, \$3,500; the Roger Benjamin Fund as a contribution to the N.M. Butler centennial fund for the renovation and expansion of the general library, \$1,500; and Mr. Valerien Lada-Mocarski towards the cost of a collection of Russian books, \$1,000.

The comparative figures for contributions by our members for the four years since the Friends of the Columbia Libraries came into existence are as follows:

1951-52 (June 1-May 30)	\$ 2,950.19
1952-53 (June 1-March 31)	8,254.08
1953-54 (April 1-March 31)	15,510.26
1954-55 (April 1-March 31)	32,354.76
Total	<hr/> \$59,069.29

In addition to the above-indicated funds, Friends have presented numerous books and manuscripts which have enriched the Libraries' collections. The estimated value of those received between April 1, 1954, and March 31, 1955, is \$15,241. Adding this to the \$99,811.17 reported in prior years, brings the estimated total value of such items since January 1, 1951, to \$115,052.17.

As of March 31, our membership is 274.

Meetings

Since the last issue of this periodical went to press, the Friends have held three meetings, each of which was well-attended by our members and their guests.

At the February 17 occasion which was held at the Museum of the City of New York, James Grote Van Derpool, Librarian of Columbia's Avery Architecture Library and President-elect of the National Society of Architectural Historians, talked on "Historic Architecture on the Island of Manhattan." By means of slides, he portrayed the changing architectural styles utilized in the designing of some of the notable buildings in the city. For the social hour which followed, Dr. Dallas Pratt contributed the refreshments.

To commemorate the bicentennial of the first appearance of Samuel Johnson's *Dictionary of the English Language*, the Libraries have arranged a large exhibit which contains various edi-

tions of the *Dictionary*, letters written by Johnson, copies of earlier dictionaries and other related materials. A substantial number of these items were loaned by Mr. and Mrs. Donald F. Hyde, who are members of the Friends. To mark the opening of the exhibit, a meeting was held in Butler Library on the afternoon of April 14 with Professor James L. Clifford, Columbia's Johnsonian specialist, as principal speaker.

The major Friends' event of the year, the Bancroft Award dinner, was held on April 28 at the Men's Faculty Club. The awards of \$2,000 each for the best writing in the field of American history published in 1954, were presented by Vice-President John Krout to Paul Horgan for his *Great River, the Rio Grande in North American History*, and to Leonard Dupee White for his *The Jacksonians*, a study of our federal government in the period from 1829 to 1861. Certificates were presented to Stanley M. Rinehart, Jr., President of Rinehart and Company, and to George P. Brett, Jr., President of The Macmillan Company, the publishers, respectively, of the two books. The principal address of the evening was given by Orville Prescott, daily book critic of the *New York Times*, who took as his topic "Historical Fiction as a Literary Form." In opening the program, Vice-President Krout expressed the warm appreciation of the University for the generous and interested support which the Friends have given and are giving to the Libraries. August Heckscher, Chairman of the Friends, presided.

THE FRIENDS OF THE COLUMBIA LIBRARIES

PRIVILEGES

Invitations to exhibitions, lectures and other special events.

Use of books in the reading rooms of the libraries.

Opportunity to consult Librarians, including those in charge of the specialized collections, about material of interest to a member. (Each Division Head has our members' names on file.)

Free subscription to COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS.

* * *

As a Friend of the Columbia Libraries you are asked to assume no specific obligations. We rely on your friendship towards our institution and its ideals. However, if members express their support through annual donations of books or other material, or cash, we shall have a tangible indication that our program to arouse interest in the pressing needs of the Libraries has been successful. All donations are deductible for income tax purposes.*

* Please make checks payable to Columbia University.

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